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Trees in Winter

RHONE ISLAND ARBOR DAY

FRIDAY

MAY 11TH

1973



Rhode Island Education Circulars

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL PROGRAM

FOR THE

OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR DAY

IN THE

Public Schools of Rhode Island

MAY 11, 1923



The Hemlock Under Its Glittering Burden of Snow.

THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

STATE EDUCATION SERVICE

RHODE ISLAND

(Edition of 85,000)



Trees in Winter

State of Rhode Island Public Education Service

COMMISSIONER'S ARBOR DAY MESSAGE

To the Children and Youth of Rhode Island Schools:

For many years I have sent you each year with Arbor Day Greetings the best things, old and new, known about trees, and I have given various hints for keeping the day both in and out of doors. And in it all is shown that greater than the knowledge and love of trees is the service of planting trees.

"He that planteth a tree is a servant of God.
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him."

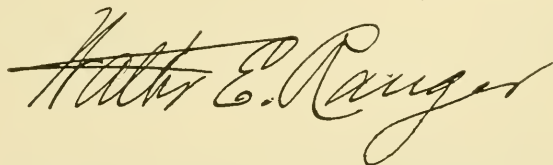
You have seen in city or village street or by country road rows of fine old trees planted long ago by "a servant of God." You have known the friendly shade of a wide spreading oak or elm or maple, guarding a home through the years. Do you ever inquire who planted those trees? Will you, too, plant trees as a kindness for future time? Is there any one who plants not a tree in his time? Many a tree stands in beauty on school grounds planted in past years by pupils and teacher. There are still many bare places on school grounds awaiting the planting of trees.

In celebrating tree planting, not only does Arbor Day remind us of the beauty and utility of trees but the trees lead us to the deep truths of mother earth. "The world is a great book that he has written." To know the trees is to open that book and turn its leaves.

Those who know trees as friends not only "pay admiring tribute to the tree standing in all the glory of its full leafage" but also "give sympathetic comprehension to the beauty of bare branches laced across changing skies." For a wider knowledge of trees at rest, the special feature selected for this year's program is "Trees in Winter." It is significant that trees are best transplanted in their resting time.

While Arbor Day is fixed by law and is sometimes late for planting, schools may plant trees earlier on a tree-planting day or week and celebrate the planting when Arbor Day comes with tree exercises and springtime activities.

Forests have been and are still the nation's greatest natural wealth. To restore depleted woodlands and to plant forests in waste places is a grave need of our country. It is not expected that the children or youth of our schools plant forests now, but it is the hope of Arbor Day that they in school learn the value of trees, acquire the art of planting them, form the habit of protecting them, recognize reforestation as a great public cause, cherish a devotion to civic interests, and in coming years support every true effort for forestation and fulfil the purpose of Arbor Day in the service of tree planting.



Commissioner of Education

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their freshness into you and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."—*John Muir*.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR ARBOR DAY, 1923

CHORUS.	SCRIPTURE.	ARBOR DAY MESSAGE.
SONG.	RECITATIONS.	ESSAYS—"Trees in Winter."
		SONG.
	BRIEF REPORTS ON PLANTING TREES.	
RECITATIONS.	SONG.	GROUP EXERCISES.
CHORUS.		PLANTING EXERCISES.

GOD'S WORK

The Wintry blasts have robbed the tree,
Of all its precious leaves,
And only its gaunt frame is left—
Lonely, like one who grieves.

But think not it lives without hope,
Ah no! Within its heart,
Is that God given wondrous thing,
That later on will start—

And in the Spring a miracle,
Will seem to have been done,
But you know well, and so do I,
It's God's work just begun.

—*Eugenia Bragg Smith.*

O, the magic woods of winter!
When snow-flakes in the air
With spotless robes are covering
The branches brown and bare.—*Anon.*

FROST ON THE WINDOW

This forest looks the way
Nightingales sound.
Tall larches lilt and sway
Above the glittering ground:
The wild white cherry spray
Scatters radiance round.

The chuckle of the nightingale
Is like the elfin wood.
Even as his gleaming trills assail
The spirit's solitude,
These leaves of light, these branches frail
Are music's very mood.

The song of these fantastic trees,
The plumes of frost they wear,
Are for the poet's whim who sees
Through a deceptive air,
And has an ear for melodies
When never a sound is there.

—*Grace Hazard Conkling*

TREES IN SNOW

You don't know cedar trees unless
You've seen them in the snow—
I live among the trees
And so I ought to know!

The pine trees hold their arms too wide
And catch too much,
The hemlocks spread their fingers out
And have no clutch.

The spruces all are built too close
And don't hold snow—
I live among the Winter trees
And so I know!

The junipers are very low,
And there's a pointed fir
That gathers little rings of snow
To lie 'round her.

So every tree it catches some
Of the white stuff,
But wise old cedars, standing tall,
Hold just enough!—*Louise Driscoll.*

SCRIPTURAL SELECTIONS FOR ARBOR DAY

(*The Shade of Trees*)

Under oaks and poplars and elms, because the shadow thereof is good.
Even the woods and sweet-smelling trees shall overshadow Israel by the commandment of God
He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed and fens.
The shady trees cover him with their shadows; the willows of the brook compass him about.
Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt and planted it, and it filled the land.
The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

I sat down under his (the apple tree's) shadow with greater delight, and its fruit was sweet to my taste.

It shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar; and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell.

His branch shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree.

They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine.

On the Tree of Life eternal,
Man, let thy hope be staid,
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.—*Bishop Horne.*

APRIL'S ORDER

Said little Madam April
 To the mighty Weather Man:
 "I'd like to have you send me
 As promptly as you can
 A billion yards of bluest sky
 A box of gentle showers
 (And please omit the Winter frost
 That bites the little flowers).

"I want a lot of sunshine
 I can sprinkle all around.
 It makes the people happy
 And fixes up the ground
 Where I shall start a million seeds—
 The garden kind, you know—
 And Summertime will bring them up
 The way they ought to go.

"I've thirty April children
 That I'll pay you with this year,
 They're not exactly perfect,
 But much admired I hear.
 Although they're temperamental, they
 Are pleasing, as a rule,
 And out of thirty children there
 Is only one a—Fool."—*Ian Terrell Reed.*

IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS

Oh, fain would I hide in the heart of the hills
 Away from the roar and the rattle of trade!
 Oh, fain would I rest where the rivulet spills
 Its silvery wave in a fairy cascade!
 Where apples are ripe and where maples are red,
 And gossamer webs of the spider are spread,
 I'm fain to recline with the sward for a bed,
 In the heart of the hills!

Oh, fain would I fly to the heart of the hills
 Where proudly the flags of the fall are unfurled!
 Oh, fain would I dwell 'mid the splendor that fills
 The landscape afar to the rim of the world!
 For now when the heat of the summer is fled,
 Where apples are ripe and where maples are red,
 There's balm for the bosom, there's rest for the head,
 In the heart to the hills!—*Denis A. McCarthy.*

"PLAN TO PLANT ANOTHER TREE"

The Tree Lovers' Association of America has initiated a movement to urge "The planting of a tree, a shrub, or a vine by every man, woman and child in America." It stresses not only the beauty of ornamental growing things, but emphasizes the need and use of more fruit trees, nut trees, home orchards and berry patches. It keeps before the public perpetually the vital need of re-forestation and educates to the inestimable value of planting the right tree in the right place. To that end a nationwide Tree Planting Week has been arranged. Its purpose is to centralize the combined efforts of every public-spirited individual and organization in every locality into one unit in the great universal movement towards making each community a better place in which to live."

The Association appointed April 13-20 as Tree Planting Week for Rhode Island three weeks before Rhode Island Arbor Day, which is fixed by law as the second Friday in May. "Plan to Plant Another Tree emphasizes the importance of its being borne in mind that Tree Planting Week is primarily educational, a focus of year round activity in awakening the country to the imperative need of continual and better planting. It is not its intention to crowd into one brief week the planting that needs to be going on constantly throughout America if her relaxed attention to this important part of her resources is to be redeemed."

MAPLE LEAVES

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
 The most are gone now; here and there one lingers;
 Soon these will slip from out the twigs' weak hold,
 Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

Dr. Grace E. Bird
Rhode Island College of Education

Forest Music

E. S. Hosmer
Rhode Island College of Education

mf *cres.*

1. You can hear the forest singing. Melo-dies the whole year through, And the music never
leaves the woodland music. In its temple and re-treat, Will pre-serve the forest

cres. *mf* *cres.* *mf*

ceases Old and sweet but ever new— Every tree a vibrant harp-string And swell
home-land With its symphony so sweet; When an- ti-phona-ly echo Bird notes

dim. *mf* *cres.*

leaves a little voice, Swelling loud the happy chorus, Making every heart re-
dear to you and me, We de-stroy a wondrous harp-string Mon-u-ment living

mf *dim e rit.* *mf*

voice All who tree la, la, la! la, la, la! la, la!

SCHOOL.

I put my heart to school
In the world where men grow wise;
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
"Come back when you win a prize."

My heart came back again;
"Now where is the prize?" I cried—
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
"And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school
In the woods where veries sing
And the brooks run clear and cool,
In the fields where wild flowers spring.

"And why do you stay so long
"My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song,
"I find this school is home."—Henry Van Dyke

SEE QUINSNICKET FIRST—A WINTER TREE TRIP

William G. Vinal, Ph. D., Rhode Island College of Education.

Winter is not a closed season at Quinsnicket. Every school citizen has the right to experience and enjoy our snow-clad forests. In picture number one may be seen a group of young folks who are out in Lincoln Woods on a skiing trip. They have just finished an outdoor meal of broiled steak, fried onions, hot rolls, steaming cocoa, and toasted marshmallows. Did you ever whet up your appetite for just such a hot dinner with the crisp February air for frosting? No wonder that they are forever asking, "When may we go again?" Yet there are people in Rhode Island who think it necessary to go to the northern country—North Conway, Jackson, East Jaffrey or Laconia. But be it north or be it west, our slogan is "*See Quinsnicket First.*" We are going to suggest a day's Program for those who wish to pioneer in this way. Although the schedule is written particularly for winter, it can be used at any time of the year. Let us make Quinsnicket an all the year park.



Picture 1—A Skiing Party at Quinsnicket

We plan to take the 9:15 a. m. car for Woonsocket from the west incline in front of railroad station, Providence, to Cobble Hill road. The fare is exactly 10 cents if we use the new metal tickets. We appoint captains and organize teams of about ten each. Each team will follow Cobble Hill road easterly. All try to follow these directions.

The rustling leaves on the large pasture oaks tell us that it is winter. In olden days the white oaks were considered of great value for ship building, and when other trees were cut they often escaped the colonist's axe that they might become timber-size. This may be the reason for the white oaks being the veterans of Quinsnicket. We shall meet several of these stately monarchs. Count them. The teams reporting the correct number will be credited with one point.

In order to get into the quaint atmosphere of these oldest inhabitants let us read the description of a similar scene from Virgil.

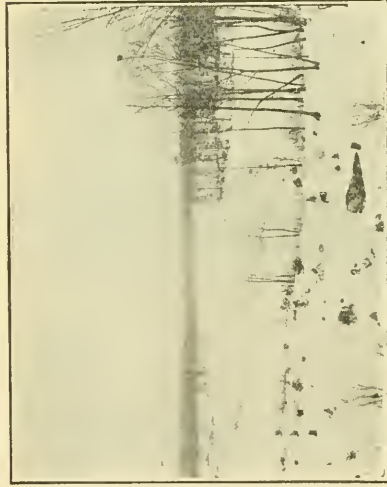
"Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful sovereignty;
Nor length of ages lasts his happy reign.
And lives of mortal men contend in vain.
Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny arms and leafy hands,
His shade protects the plants; his heart the hills commands."

Curiously enough, along with these thrice-octogenarians are the gray birches—perhaps the shortest lived of forest trees. Young though they are, many are round shouldered from carrying loads of winter snow and ice. Shake one of the gray birch catkins into your hands. The smaller objects are winged seeds. These seeds are protected by the larger scales, which resemble soaring birds. These bird-like scales make

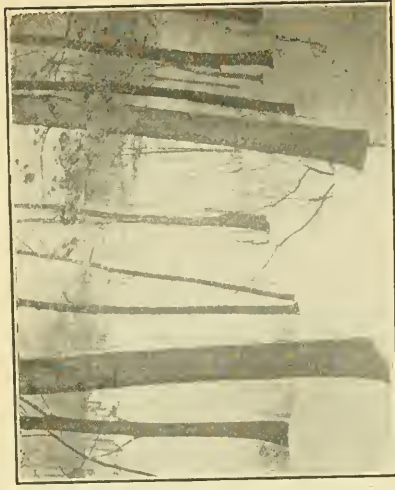
WINTER SCENES AT QUINSNICKET



Picture 2—A Natural Totem Pole



Picture 3—Winter in the Clearing



Picture 4—White and Black Oaks



Picture 5—Gray Birch



Picture 6—Table Rock



Picture 7—American Beech

interesting silhouettes on the snow. Obtain one of these scales as proof that we have made a visit to the gray birch settlement.

Some of the less flexible black oaks—across the way—had their heads snapped down by the ice storm of 1922. How are these black oaks trying to “carry on?”

We now pass the “3 H” Elm keeping vigil for the grotesque figure caught by the camera man in picture two. How do you account for its weird shape?

We may now have the fun of “running out” an old boundary line. This post is but one of several that mark an old fence line. Surveying scouts often have to find the limits of a woodlot. George Washington and Henry D. Thoreau were very clever at this kind of scouting. Those who are successful will discover the beautiful view in picture number three. Observe that this picture was taken on the edge of a clearing.

The two Japanese-like trees in the foreground are noted for their many names.—Sour gum, black gum, pepperidge and tupelo. You may take your choice. Our course is now along the southern margin of Olney pond, toward Stump Hill on the east. As



Picture 8—The Sycamore Tree



Picture 9—Gray and Black Birches

we pass through the grove of mixed hardwoods, look for other tupelo trees. Take a small twig from one of these trees and cut a lengthwise section through the centre. Keep the twig to show the cross partitions in the pith.

This grove is mostly chestnut, black oak and white oak. The chestnut are dying from the blight and this is probably the reason for the clear-cut area over which we have just tramped. Picture four shows the difference between the trunks of the white and black oaks. The lighter colored trunk is that of the white oak. The white oak sheds its bark. Pieces of its bark are shown on the white snow. We may collect the following as evidence of having identified these trees. A piece of bark from the white oak; a leaf with sharp pointed lobes (instead of the rounded lobes of the white oak) for the black oak; and a twig of a chestnut sprout, with its inclined buds, for the chestnut.

Our route is now along Stump Hill road past the site of the old thread mill. We can name the evergreens from the silhouette page in this pamphlet. Which way do the tips of the evergreens point? This is an indication of the prevailing wind.

We shall not need to put on our spectacles to find the sycamore tree. This tree is at its best in winter when there are no leaves to hide it. The white blotches shown in picture eight are characteristic of its appearance. We find the tree by a stream—as the poet, Bryant described it:

"Clear are the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away;
And the plane tree's speckled arms o'er shoot
The swifter current that mines its roots."

Emerson refers to the sycamore as "the largest, grandest and loftiest deciduous tree in America." There are three possible proofs of having discovered this "plane tree of the west" (*Platanus occidentalis*). We may find a large piece of bark such as it has the habit of pushing off; or a fruit ball (sometimes called buttonwood tree); or a leaf and twig, to show how the leaf stem fits snugly over the bud like a skull-cap.



Picture 10—Shagbarks

larily interested in it at this time, as the bark is dry and its fine fibres may furnish a means of kindling our fire. It is here that we planned to cook and eat our dinner. (To reserve this fireplace telephone to the office of the Metropolitan Park Commission, at the State House at least a week before the trip.)

After dinner we may count the scores of the teams and then continue the competition. Picture number nine was taken within a three minutes walk of Table rock. The first team finding it receives a point. This picture is of a gray and black birch forest. One of each kind of tree is standing in front, as if they had stepped out of the crowd to have their photographs taken.

Another tree that can be easily recognized by its trunk is the American Beech. All squirrels and blue jays know this tree. The one shown in picture seven stands in the grotto on the Butler Asylum grounds. The clean gray bole of the tree cannot be mistaken. The smooth bark of this beech looks like a totem pole. It was fashionable a few years ago to carve one's initials on a beech tree. This custom prevails no longer, and is even condemned because it defaces the beauty of the clean, smooth trunk. What team can find the nearest beech?

Our next search will be for the nearest shagbark or shell bark hickory. This too, is a friends of the squirrel. James Russell Lowell describes a squirrel that—

"On the shingly shagbarks bough,
Now saws, now lists with downward eye and ear,
Then drops his nut."

The shagbark shown in number 10 is near the pump by the Glen. From the silhouette page we can find the name of the tree back of the shagbark.

Picture number 11 is of the shelter at Quinsnicket lake. There is another shelter at the recreation field. In case of storm a party may take refuge at one of these places.

The long shadows of the trees tell us that it is getting late. We must gather up our belongings and "leave no trace." This means that we must burn all paper and rubbish, and put the tin cans and bottles in the container. And, what is still more important, we must make sure that every spark of fire is out. He who loves the out-of-doors must not risk ruining the beauty of Quinsnicket—the very thing that attracted him to it.

Now that everything is ship-shape and the clans are ready to depart for their several homes it will be in keeping with the trip to sing taps.

"Day is done!	From the Lake.
Gone the Sun!	All is well,
From the sky,	Rest in Peace,
From the hill,	God is Nigh."



Picture 11—The Shelter at Quinsnicket Lake

TREE 2500 YEARS OLD

The fifth oldest known living thing on earth, and the third oldest in North America, is a giant cypress tree in what is known as the Edenborn Brake, in Winn parish, Louisiana, according to Carleton F. Poole, of the Louisiana State Conservation Department.

The age of the tree has been placed at 2500 years by Prof. Herman Schrenk, of St. Louis, and other scientists who have examined it. According to records, it is exceeded in longevity only by the Santa Maria del Tule cypress, near Oaxaca, Mexico, 5000 to 6000 years old, the Dragon tree of Orotaxva, Island of Teneriffe, 4500 years old, the Redwood tree, California, 4000 years old, and the Baoab tree, Senegal, 4000 years old.

The Edenborn cypress was budding into life when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar. It was a lusty young sprout when the battles of Marathon and Thermopylae were fought, when Assyria was at the apex of world dominion and when Rome was a village of mud and hovels. The tree was 600 years old when Christ was born in Bethlehem, a veteran when the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain to leave the savage tribes, of those islands to fight out their differences, and was more than 2000 years old when Columbus sailed into the Atlantic to begin his voyage of discovery.

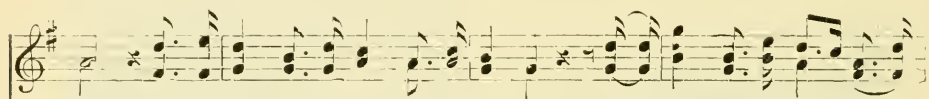
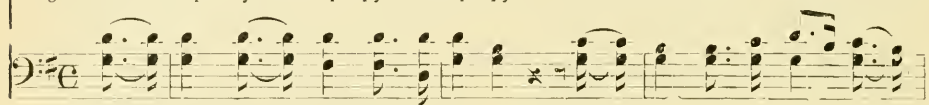
THE FIRST VIOLETS

A. H. BRANCH

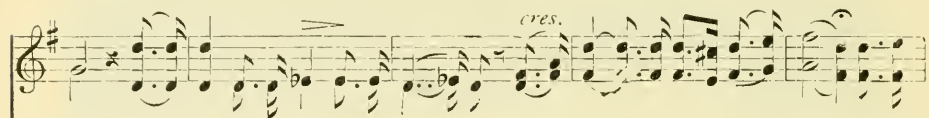
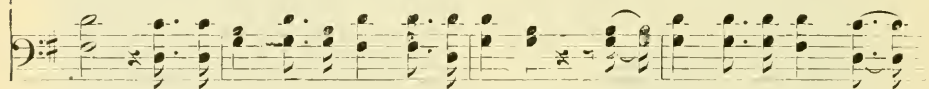
BELLINI



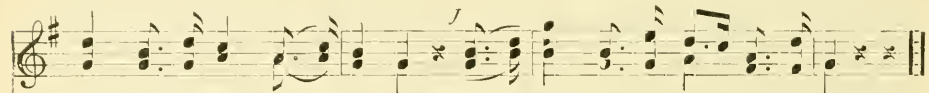
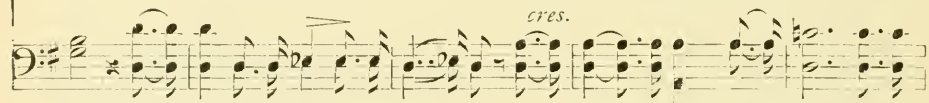
1. It's a beau - ti - ful day to be glad in; The vi - o - lets bud - ded to -
 2. There's a fresh - ness of dew on the grass - e - , An in - stinct of green in the
 3. It's hap - py, it's hap - py, its hap - py; The world has a flush of sun -



day. And I found the first dear lit - tle prim - rose, Looking up from the grass by the
 trees, And there's such a sweet tremble and quiv - er, An im - pulse of life in the
 prase, Like a ba - by that just has a - wakened With a won - der of tho't in its



way. Way up in the boughs of the elm tree The nest of the o - ri - ole swings, And a
 breeze. I'm look - ing for something, I know not What this that I look for may be, There is
 eyes. The first lit - tle primrose has bud - ded, It shines from the green in the way, It's a



bird is a - flit in the ma - ple With a quiv - er of blue in his wings.
 just a vague joy of wait - ing, For some - thing that's go - ing to be.
 beau - ti - ful day to be glad in. The vi - o - lets bud - ded to - day.



THE FABLE OF THE THREE ELMS

The North wind spoke to three sturdy elms,
 And, "Now you are dead!" said he;
 "I have blown a blast till the snow whirled past,
 And withered your leaves, and see;
 You are brown and old and your boughs are cold!"
 And he sneered at the elm trees three.

The first elm spoke in a hollow tone
 (For the snow lay deep and white)
 "You think we are dead, North Wind?" he said,
 "Why we sleep—as you sleep at night.
 Beneath the snow lie my sturdy roots,
 They grip on the friendly earth,
 And I rest—till another year!" said he,
 And he shook with a noisy mirth.

The second elm laughed a hearty laugh,
 And "North Wind," he cried in glee,
 "Beneath my bark glows a living spark,
 The sap of a healthy tree.
 My boughs are bare and my leaves are gone,
 But—what have I got to fear?
 For the winter time is my time of rest
 And I sleep till another year!"

The third elm spoke and his voice was sweet,
 And kind as the sunnery sea;
 "Oh, Wind," he said, "We are far from spring—
 The God in whose hand we be
 Looks down, with love, from the winter sky,
 And sends us his sun to cheer;
 If we had no snow there would be no spring—
 We rest till another year!"

The three elms rocked in the stinging blast,
 And under the heavy snow
 Their roots were warm from the raging storm,
 And safe from the winds that blow.
 They smiled in their hearts and their leafless boughs
 Spread over the frosty way;
 For they knew that the God of forest trees
 Would watch through each winter day.

The North Wind uttered a frosty sigh,
 As the snow blew far and free;
 And his weary eyes sought the winter skies,
 And "Mighty is God!" said he.
 "To die or live are His gifts to give!"
 And he smiled at the elm trees three.—*Margaret E. Sangster, Jr*

"TREES AT LEISURE"

In winter, we are prone to regard our trees as cold, bare, and dreary; and we bid them wait until they are again clothed in verdure before we may accord to them comradeship. However, it is during this winter resting time that the tree stands revealed to the uttermost, ready to give its most intimate confidences to those who love it. It is indeed a superficial acquaintance that depends upon the garb worn for half the year; and to those who know them, the trees display even more individuality in the winter than in the summer. The summer is the tree's period of reticence, when, behind its mysterious veil of green, it is so busy with its own life processes that it has no time for confidences, and may only now and then fling us a friendly greeting.

The recognition of trees in the season of winter is a matter of experience and may not be learned from a book. Often the differences that distinguish them are too subtle to put into words. However, some species portray their individuality in such a graphic manner that the wayfarer, though a fool, need not err therein. Such is the elm that graces our meadows and fields, where it marks the sites of fences present and past. At no other time of year is the American elm more beautiful than when it traces its flowing lines against snow and gray skies. . . .

In the forest depths in winter, we trust more to the shape and color of the bole and to the texture of the bark than to the branches above for recognition of old acquaintances. The beech wears the crest of its nobility woven into the hues of its firm, smooth bark;—it lower branches retain all winter many of their leaves, russet now and sere, whispering lonesomely to the winds; and with its leaves it retains its burrs, empty now of nuts and hanging in constellations, quenched and black against the blue of the zenith. . . .

In all the woodland there is no more beautiful bark to be found than that which pencils the trunk of the white ash in fine vertical lines and fades away into smoothness on the lower limbs. The ash branchlets, though of pleasing lines, are few and coarse; those of the white ash give the effect of being warped into terminal curves. Contrast the bark of the white ash with the rugged virile bark of the hemlock and then turn to the basswood's straight bole and note the fine elongated network which covers it and learn to greet each as a friend well known and well beloved! . . .

The oak cannot be spared from the winter landscape. It is only when the oak stands bared like a runner for a race that we realize wherein its supremacy lies. We have made it a synonym of staunchness and sturdiness, but not until we see naked the massive trunk and the strong limbs bent and gnarled for thrusting back the blasts, can we understand why the oak is staunch. . . .

No winter scene is perfect without the evergreens; although these, until dead, never display to our curious eyes the history of their struggles for life, as written on their naked branches; yet to them alone among trees has a voice been given. The poet has often been a more sensitive listener than seer in the natural world, and from the earliest times he has resung for his fellowmen the mysterious song of the pine.

Although our evergreens retain their working garb, yet they are trees of fine leisure during the months of frost and ice; and whether they lift their mighty heads singly above the forest level or group themselves in green-black masses, they make strong the composition of the winter picture. . . .

On some winter mornings even the most careless of mortals must pay admiring tribute to the trees, for again are they clad, this time in a glittering raiment of soft snow. Such a day is the apotheosis of winter, and one must needs go into the still forest and worship.—*Anna Botsford Comstock.*

WEATHER-BEATEN TREES

Is it as plainly in our living shown,

By slant and twist, which way the wind hath blown?—*Adelaide Crapsey.*

TREES IN MODERN VERSE

For let the timid feet of dawn fly to catch me;
 I will abide in this forest of pines;
 For I have unveiled naked beauty,
 And the things she whispered to me in the darkness,
 Are buried deep in my heart.
 Now let the black tops of the pine-trees break, like a spent wave,
 Against the grey sky;
 These are tombs and memorials and temples and altars sun-kindled for me.

—*John Gould Fletcher.*

Here in the fairy wood, between sea and sea,
 I have heard the song of a fairy bird in a tree,
 And the peace that is not in the world has flown to me—*Arthur Symons.*

Oh, sing of the emerald meadows that smile all day in the sun!
 The ripple and gleam of the rivers that on through the meadows run!
 Oh, sing of the sighing branches of trees in the leafy woods,
 And the balm for the heart that's hidden afar in the solitudes!—*Denis A. McCarthy.*

Down shaded ways, through open ways with hedgerows,
 And into shade again more deep than ever,
 But edged anon with rays of broken sunshine
 In which a fountain, raining Crystal music,
 Made faery magic of it through green leafage.—*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

When I see birches bend to left and right
 Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
 I like to think some boy's been swinging on them.
 But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
 Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
 Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
 After a rain. They click upon themselves
 As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
 As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
 Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
 Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—
 Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
 You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.—*Robert Frost.*

Look without,—
 Behold the beauty of the day; the shout
 Of color to glad color;—rocks and trees,
 And sun and sea, and wind and sky!
 All these
 Are God's expression, art-work of His hand,
 Which men must love, ere they can understand—*Richard Hovey.*

The trees are like a sea:
 Tossing,
 Trembling,
 Roaring,
 Wallowing,
 Darting their long green fronds up at the sky,
 Spotted with white blossom spray.

The trees are roofs;
 Hollow caverns of cool blue shadow,
 Solemn arches
 In the afternoons.
 The whole vast horizon
 In terrace beyond terrace,
 Pinnacle upon pinnacle,
 Lifts to the sky
 Serrated ranks of green on green.
 —*John Gould Fletcher.*

YOUR GARDENS IN EXCHANGE PLACE

Marion D. Weston, Ph. D., Rhode Island College of Education.

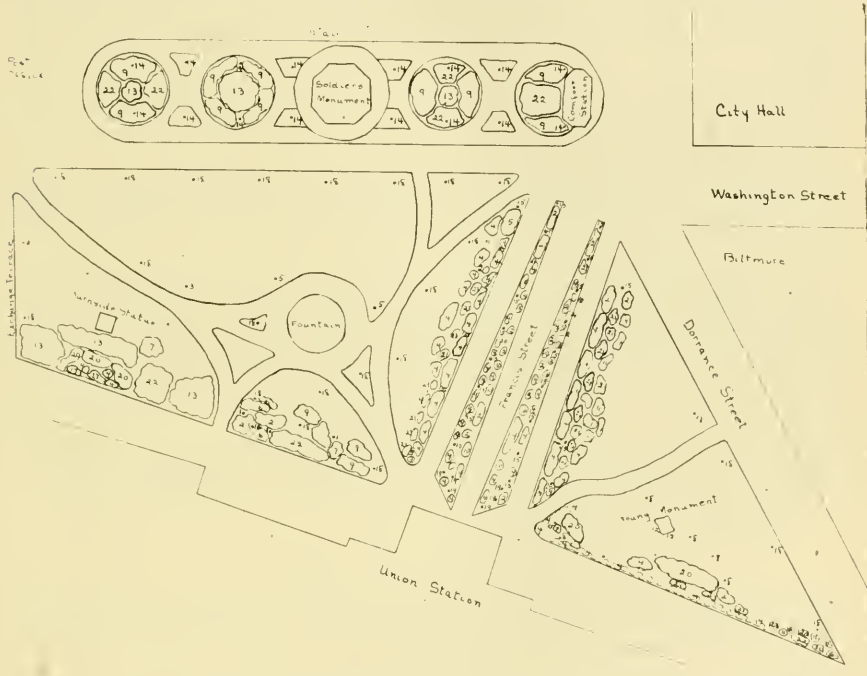
Have you ever visited a home with beautiful grounds where the owner did not take pride in showing you his gardens? It gave him keen pleasure to introduce you to the shrubs and smaller plants which you were not already counting among your friends. If your host found that you really cared he would not stop with the mere names but would go on to tell you many interesting things about his treasures. Here was a shrub brought to America from Western China, there a bush found at home



in the Alleghany Mountains. This plant always demanded full sunshine, that, being more adaptable, would agreeably consent to grow in either sun or shade wherever the plan of the grounds should place it. The characters as well as the native lands of his garden friends were well known to your host.

Has it occurred to you that the people of Providence are the owners of the gardens in Exchange Place? Have you ever taken account of your possessions? They are very beautiful. You are quite justified in feeling extremely proud of them. Could you do your part as host if you were showing a visitor about the city? If not, and you would like to qualify as "Official Guide" for the gardens which adorn the civic center of your city, I would suggest that you begin with the Mall. If it is winter you will have to learn only the trees and shrubs and their total number is four. Your guest will not embarrass you with his questions for you will have noted beforehand that every tree is a Linden; that the circular beds contains but three kinds of shrubs, Lilacs in the center with great masses of Forsythia and Spirea dividing the honors beyond the Lilacs. The gracefully drooping branches of "The Shrub of the Golden Bell" distinguish it even in winter from the more erect form of the Spirea. When you add to this characteristic, which may disappear under pruning, the pale golden brown of the Forsythia twigs in contrast with the chocolate brown of the Spirea, you will have no difficulty in telling the two apart in a plot where no other shrubs are growing.

The corner around the Burnside statue presents far more puzzling problems. After locating the Spirea and Forsythia, which make up the mass of the shrubbery, you will be impressed with a bush with slender, drooping, rich red branches, the Red-stemmed Dogwood or Cornel. It is unfortunate that the name "Dogwood" brings to the minds of many people the thought of poison for the guilty shrub, falsely called Dogwood, is in reality a form of Sumac. No true Dogwood is poisonous. The entire family is ornamental in the extreme, the Flowering Dogwood being altogether too



TREES AND SHRUBS OF EXCHANGE PLACE AND RAILROAD TERRACE

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Ailanthus | 12. Ivy, Boston |
| 2. Aralia, Five-leaved | 13. Lilac |
| 3. Ash, European | 14. Linden |
| 4. Barberry, Japanese | 15. Maple, Norway |
| 5. Beech, Fern-leaved | 16. Maple, Sycamore |
| 6. Coral-berry | 17. Ninebark |
| 7. Dogwood, Red-stemmed | 18. Oak, Pin |
| 8. Elm | 19. Poplar, Lombardy |
| 9. Forsythia | 20. Privet |
| 10. Honeysuckle | 21. Rose, Japanese |
| 11. Hydrangea | 22. Spirea, Van Hout's |

NOTE—The original plan, obtained from the office of the City Engineer, was altered by narrowing the streets in order to make more room for the parks.

beautiful for its own safety, for every year thoughtless people gather such masses of the glorious white-flowered branches that the time will soon come when it will vanish from our Rhode Island woodlands.

The slender planted spaces on either side of Francis Street directly in front of Union Station show two shrubs with thorns, the well-known Japanese Barberry and the Five-leaved Aralia. Both have thorns beneath their buds or branches. Both, as they grow older, show shortened, spur-like branches. The color of the Aralia twigs is light brown, in strong contrast to the dark grayish brown of the Barberry. The branches of the Aralia are apt to be little more robust than those of this particular Barberry.

Otherwise the shrubs are so very much alike in their winter condition that the Official Guide may be sadly puzzled. The *Aralia*, whose acquaintance has been cultivated by very few people, is being planted more and more for the beauty of its foliage. The leaves, like miniature Horse-chestnut leaves, are easily distinguished by the palmate arrangement of their leaflets. Japan has given us both of these shrubs. Closely related to the Japanese Barberry is the common form which grows so abundantly in rocky pastures throughout the state. Although not a native of New England, it has made itself so thoroughly at home that we can scarcely believe that it, like the Japanese Barberry, was ever a stranger here. In 1597 Gerard wrote of this shrub in England:

"The Barberry bush grows of itself in untoiled places and desert grounds in woods and the borders of fields."

Another English writer says:

"We consider our barberries as not the least important of our crops. We preserve them, some in bunches, some picked like currants. We crystalize them in sugar and they become delicious bon bons. We steep them in salt and water and they keep as a gay garnish for cold meat or game."

The common Barberry in boulder-strewn pastures and the Japanese Barberry in city gardens belong alike to those who are able to get the greatest amount of enjoyment from them. After all the beautiful things of the world are really the property of those who most truly appreciate them. Of course there are owners of wonderful estates who know nothing about their own gardens. Such beauty spots belong in a way far more to the lover of Nature who pauses outside the fence to renew fellowship with an oldtime friend. In this sense the gardens of Exchange Place are the property of the stranger in Providence who lingers to greet well-known acquaintances among the shrubs and flowers. Cowper once sang:

"I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

Whether these gardens belong to you because you live in Providence or because you truly appreciate their beauties or for both reasons your sense of ownership will naturally give you a feeling of responsibility for them. Gardens owned by thousands of people must, of course, be cared for in a little different way from the grounds about your own home which belong to your family. Whereas you may gather flowers and leaves from your home lawn, this is obviously improper from gardens owned by the public. The Park Commissioner has planned most carefully and takes full care of these possessions of yours in Exchange Place. It is your part to enter into the full enjoyment of your heritage.

DAISIES

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June.
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"—*Bliss Carman.*

NUT TREES ON ROADS

A feature of the campaign of tree planting just inaugurated by the American Tree Association of Washington is the advocacy of setting out nut-bearing trees along the public highways. For this purpose the black walnut is especially recommended. This is one of the most ornamental of trees, and it grows well in nearly every part of the United States. In Rhode Island there are some fine specimens on country roads, and so far as appearances are concerned they do not suffer by comparison with maples, elms and oaks. Besides, black walnut is among the most valuable of timber; in some lines of industry there is no satisfactory substitute for it.

Not the least attractive feature of the black walnut is the nut crop. Black walnuts always have been popular, although they are harder to crack than the English walnut, which has a thin shell that can be broken with the fingers. For commercial purposes the black walnut never will supersede the white shelled product now successfully grown in California, but this is no argument against planting a tree which is peculiarly adapted to the soil and the climate of Rhode Island. A road shaded by black walnuts is one to be remembered; the roads of Livingston county, Michigan, which are bordered by black walnuts fifty or sixty years old, are celebrated.

The black walnut should be planted on cultivated farms and idle land as well as on the public roads. This generation should do something for the future, and as the people of the present time have done their full share toward destroying American forests they are under moral obligations to make good some of the damage either as individuals or as members of tree planting associations.—*Providence Journal*.

THE FOREST TROUBADOUR

Down in the heart of the greenwood, beside the dim lake-shore,
Is the trysting-place of the forest folk, and the forest troubadour.
There, when the blue dusk deepens, and the stars wheel on through space,
The birds and the beasts and the forest folk creep to the trysting-place.

Then the greenwood piper, who comes when the day is done,
From the rim of the furthestmost valley, where the sunset gold is spun.
Plays, as the wood aisles darken, a haunting, witchlike air,
Till even the hawk is gentled and the gray wolf leaves his lair.

So bird and beast and forest child listen in silent awe,
Forget their former enmity, forget the jungle law.
Then fairy bows to goblin and toads creep from the rocks,
And even the timid forest hares hobnob with the red-tailed fox.

And any venturesome human who finds the trysting-place
And hears the piper's music is given heart of grace
To understand the greenwood speech and to follow, unafraid,
The darkest trail of the forest heart and the wildest woodland glade.

—Henry C. Pitz.

THE COMING OF SUMMER

The first hint of summer comes when the trees are fully fledged and the nymph Shadow is born. See her cool circles again beneath the trees in the field, or her deeper and cooler retreats in the woods. On the slopes, on the opposite side of the river, there have been for months under the morning and noon sun only slight shadow tracings, a fretwork of shadow lines; but some morning in May I look across and see solid masses of shade falling from the trees athwart the sloping turf. How the eye revels in them! The trees are again clothed and in their right minds; myriad leaves rustle in promise of the coming festival. Now the trees are sentient beings; they have thoughts and fancies; they stir with emotion; they converse together; they whisper or dream in the twilight; they struggle and wrestle with the storm.—*John Burroughs*.

MEMORIAL TREES

1. " You've heard of trees of Lib - er - ty; Of
 2. " You've read a - bout the Char - ter Oak, — A
 3. And what, for val - iant, loy - al deeds, And

bat - tle trees you've heard, That cel - e - brate some
 bout Penn's Trea - ty tree, And how the Red Men
 no - ble lives, could be More fit - ting than such

vic - to - ry, Though shel - tering beast and bird As
 nev - er broke Their pledge of am - i - ty; And
 mon - u - ment — A liv - ing, grow - ing tree, That

if no oth - er, loft - ier thrill Their slug - gish sap had stirred!
 all a - bout the Bos - ton Elm Of great ce - leb - ri - ty."
 takes each year new life — true type Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

MEMORIAL TREES AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME

On May 21, 1922, a memorial avenue was dedicated at the Soldiers' Home in Bristol. Ninety-three trees were planted in memory of individual veterans of the Civil War. The exercises were under the auspices of the Department of Rhode Island Women's Relief Corps, Soldiers' Home Committee and were in charge of Mrs. Laura I. Smith, Chairman.

Department Commander Samuel F. Wheldon and Staff of the Grand Army of the Republic used the dedication service of the G. A. R. with impressive effect. Fully two thousand persons were in attendance. Great reverence and veneration has always been paid to living memorials, and it seems the Women's Relief Corps can show its respect and devotion in the most enduring, beautiful way in planting and dedicating trees in memory of the Grand Army of the Republic as an organization and of its individual members.

Not alone are the trees dedicated to civil war veterans but added to the ninety-three trees there are twenty-four already planted, making one hundred and seventeen in all. These trees are a beautiful and enduring reminder that love of country has not been confined to any one generation, that our republic has been bought and preserved through valor and sacrifice of Revolutionary, Civil War, Spanish War and World War soldiers and sailors, representing a company of the nation's honored dead whose names are to be kept in view of a grateful people.

THE TREE

I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
 With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppress'd;
 And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare
 And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
 When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
 I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
 And through thy leafless arms to look above
 On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.—*Jones Very.*

"When we remember that substantially one-fourth of the national area is forest land or potential forest land of little or no value save for timber production, the need of such policy becomes apparent. Already we have consumed or destroyed sixty per cent. of our original timber wealth, and we are now using timber at a rate four times as fast as we are growing it. Millions of acres which were once covered with fine forests and which are suitable only for the growing of timber are now entirely barren. Prosperous communities built up while these virgin forests were being harvested have disappeared, transportation lines have been torn up, and social and industrial decay has followed. The growing of timber is the most practical use to which these lands can be put, and population and industry of these regions may be restored only by restoring the forests. To this end both Federal and State Governments may well lend every proper encouragement.—*President Harding.*

O HAPPY TREES

O happy trees that we plant to-day,
 What great good fortunes wait you;
 For you will grow in sun and snow
 Till fruit and flowers freight you.

Your winter covering of snow
 Will dazzle with its splendor;
 Your summer's garb with richest glow
 Will feast of beauty render.

In your cool shade will tired feet
 Pause, weary, when 'tis summer;
 And rest like this will be most sweet
 To every tired comer.

VOICES OF THE WOODS

CHARACTERS:

Boy (or Girl); Trees: Pine, Walnut, Oak,
Birch, Maple, Cherry; Wood Fairy.

(Enter Boy, carrying a hatchet. Sees trees
standing in a row.)

Boy—

With my sharp, bright, new hatchet,
I'll have a little fun,
I'll cut a tree down in the woods,—
The woods won't miss just one.
I'll cut this Pine tree.

Pine—

Please don't cut me!
I'm such a very little tree.
But in a few years I will make
A ship's tall mast for you to take!

Boy—I'll cut this Walnut tree.

Walnut—

Oh, don't cut me!
Please let me be!
Soon bushels of walnuts I'll bear for you;
You'll have walnut cake and perhaps candy, too!

Boy—I'll cut this Oak tree.

Oak—

I hope you won't, for don't you know,
Great oaks from little acorns grow?

And years from now I'm sure you'll see
Beds, chairs and tables all made from me.

Boy—I'll cut this Birch tree.

Birch—

Please don't chop me right in two,
For don't you know what the Indians do?
They make from me a birch canoe!

Boy—I'll cut this Maple tree.

Maple—

Oh, don't cut me!
Fine furniture I'll make for you,
And good, sweet maple sugar, too!

Boy—I'll cut this Cherry tree.

Cherry—

My boy, you'll not be very wise,
You'll miss my tarts and cherry pies!

Boy—

Oh, dear! Whatever shall I do?
I see some use for each of you!

(Wood Fairy enters. Trees bow to ground.)

Fairy—

My boy, God made each tree you see
To grow right here, and useful be.
So never cut them just for fun;
God has a use for every one.—*Marian L. Gill*

Lovelist of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

—*A. E. Houseman.*

THE BLACKBIRD

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

"Green leaves, what are you doing
Up there in the tree so high?"

"We are shaking hands with the breezes
As they go singing by."

"What, green leaves, have you fingers?"
And the old tree laughed with glee.

"Yes, just as many as you have,
Count them and you will see."—*Unknown*

TO THE WAYFARER

Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me, harken ere you harm me.

I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the friendly shade screen-
ing you from the summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your
thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which
you lie, and the timber that builds your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle,
and the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty.

Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer; harm me not.

(An inscription found in many places in Portugal, where there are timber trees, in
woods, parks and gardens.—*Connecticut Arbor Day Annual.*)

The tree in summer made, year after year, a surely-widening shade; And, year by
year, its leafless limbs among the winter winds a deeper anthem sung.

WHAT THE TREE TEACHES US

I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and strong
In defense of the right, in defiance of wrong.

I have learned from the Maple, that beauty to win
The love of all hearts, must have sweetness within.

The Beech, with its branches wide-spreading and low,
Awakes in my heart hospitality's glow.

The Pine tells of constancy. In its sweet voice,
It whispers of hope till sad mortals rejoice.

The nut-bearing trees teach that 'neath manners gruff
May be found as "sweet kernels" as in their caskets rough.

The Birch, in its wrappings of silvery gray,
Shows that beauty needs not to make gorgeous display.

The Ash, having fibres tenacious and strong,
Teaches me firm resistance, to battle with wrong.

The Aspen tells me with its quivering leaves,
To be gentle to every sad creature that grieves.

The Elm teaches me to be pliant yet true;
Though howed by rude winds, it still arises anew.

The Lombardy Poplars point upward in praise,
My voice to kind Heaven they teach me to raise.

I am taught generosity, boundless and free,
By showers of fruit from the dear Apple tree.

The Cherry tree, blushing with fruit crimson red,
Tells of God's free abundance that all may be fed.

In the beautiful Linden, so fair to the sight,
This truth I discern: It is inwardly white.

The firm-rooted Cedars, like sentries of old,
Show that virtues deep-rooted may also be gold.—*Helen O. Hoyt.*

THE YOUNG DANDELION

I am a bold fellow
As ever was seen,
With my shield of yellow,
In the grass green.

You may uproot me
From field and from lane,
Trample me, cull me—
I spring up again.

I never flinch, sir,
Wherever I dwell,
Give me an inch, sir,
I'll soon take an ell.

Drive me from garden
In anger and pride,
I'll thrive and harden
By the roadside.—*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

A man who destroys a forest is untrue to himself—careless of the right of his brother men—blind to the demands of posterity—scornful of the law—and careless of his nation's pride, prosperity and greatness.

Do not rob or mar a tree, unless you really need what it has to give you. Let it stand and grow in virgin majesty, ungirdled and unscarred, while the trunk becomes a firm pillar of the forest temple, and the branches spread abroad a refuge of bright green leaves for the birds of the air.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

TREES IN WINTER

Suggestions for Preparing a Program for Arbor Day
William Gould Vinal, Ph. D., Rhode Island College of Education.

Project 1. SEE SOMETHING

Every school citizen is a member of the Committee for the Arbor Day program. The first duty of a Committeeman is to *see something*. He will, therefore, be given a horse-chestnut twig and a last summer's leaf stem which is easily gathered beneath a horse-chestnut tree. If he is a working member of the committee he will sharpen his pencil and eyes and fill in the blanks left for this purpose.

Look carefully at the large end of the leaf stem and find where it fitted onto the twig. This place on the twig is called a *leaf scar*.

When did this leaf fall off from the twig?.....

The "nails" in the leaf scars are the ends of *veins*. How many veins went out into the leaf?.....

What did these veins carry to the leaf?.....and.....

How does the leaf scar differ in color from the rest of the bark?.....

Which has been exposed to the weather longer?.....

What do you find just above the leaf scars?.....

Where on the twig is the largest bud?.....

This large bud holds both leaves and flowers. When will the leaves come out?.....

What must the *bud scales* do before the leaves can come out?.....

Find the ring-marks which were left when the bud scales fell off last spring.

How often do these *scale scars* form?.....

How old is your twig?.....

How many leaves were on your twig last year?.....

Why would it always be an even number of leaves?.....

Find small dots not in the leaf scars. These are *breathing pores*.

The "varnish" on the bud scales prevents the small leaves from drying out.

A temporary chairman now calls a meeting of the committee. The first matter of business is to call for the written report (Arbor Day Booklet with Blanks filled in) of the members. These reports are placed on the table. The chairman then reads the first question for discussion. "When did this leaf fall off from the twig?" The opinions of various members are given. If they agree the answer is accepted and the chairman goes on to the next question. If they do not agree each one is given a chance to defend his opinion, and then when the assembly is ready for the question a vote is taken. An appeal may be made to the chairman. When the questions have been answered satisfactorily a committee should be appointed to rate the written reports. At the next meeting the committee reports the names of those who did the most efficient work. A permanent chairman and committees may be elected from this group.

Committees for stories, music, pantomimes, debate, election of state tree, games, decoration of room and community welfare are in order.

Project 2. READING SIGNS

Every tree keeps a diary. If we can read this diary we will know its life history. Following is the autobiography of the horse-chestnut twig shown in the drawing. Fill in the blanks and you will agree that it is more fun to read trees than to read about trees.

I was born in the spring of 192.....from an end bud. The weather being warm I shed my bud scales and put forth.....leaves. I also had a great many pinkish-white..... My flowers were fragrant to attract the bees. By

autumn one of my blossoms had developed a green prickly ball or..... I did not have food supply enough to afford to grow any more. After a few frosty nights my husk broke down the seams and showed a smooth, shiny..... I produced this.....so as to grow other horse-chestnut trees.

As I had fruit on the end of my twig this year I could not grow an end bud. However, I had two buds on the side which I carried along for just such an emergency. When the.....came up my.....the next spring I shed the..... on my side buds and put forth two branches. My branch on the left had more.....

and therefore made better growth than the opposite branch. I had.....leaves this summer. As I did not have to manufacture starch for horse-chestnuts I was able to make two large.....buds.

My leaves for next summer are securely wrapped with bud scales. These scales are arranged like the.....on a house. Then, to be further sure that the tender leaves do not dry out I secreted some varnish. I am going to stay this way all winter.

Project 3. DO SOMETHING IN SONG

Oliver Wendell Holmes saw the Chambered Nautilus. From its diary he was able to read something about its life. He then wrote a poem. Let every member of the committee write a poem about the horse-chestnut twig. Then vote which poem is the best. That is what the boys and girls did in the third and fourth grades of the Henry Barnard School. And then they sang the poem. They changed the words and song until they had

it just the way they wanted it. They did so well we are going to print their original songs and music. If you compose a good one send it to the Commissioner of Education, who is the editor of the Arbor Day booklet, and perhaps he may publish yours next year. We also hope that many people will enjoy the song that you write and sing for Arbor Day.

SPRING SONG

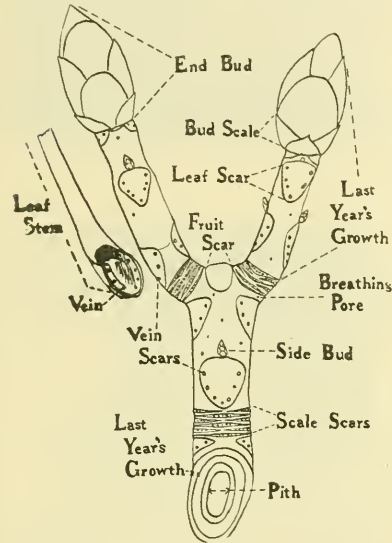
Words and music by Third Grade Pupils.

Henry Barnard School

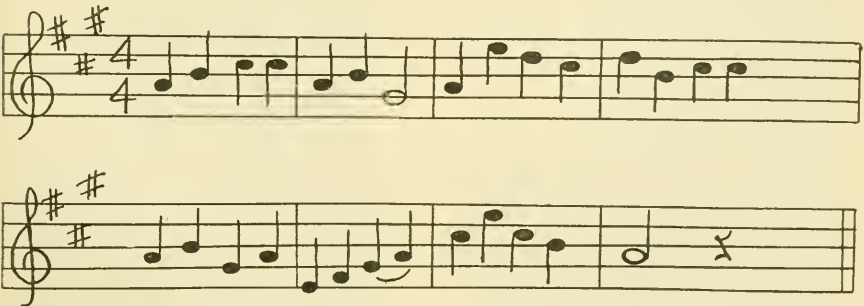
Miss Lina F. Bates, Critic Teacher.

Miss Alice Maguire, Student Teacher.

Miss Grace Gormley, Student Teacher.



Twig of the Horse Chestnut



Spring is here with op'ning buds,
 Soon they will be blossoms gay;
 The breezes rock them to and fro,
 All the live long day.

Birds are coming from the south,
 Singing us a cheery song;
 Bees are buzzing in the flowers;
 Happy all day long.

Little bud, wake from your sleep,
 Tell to me your dream so sweet;
 Put on your dress so bright and green.
 Birds and bees to greet.

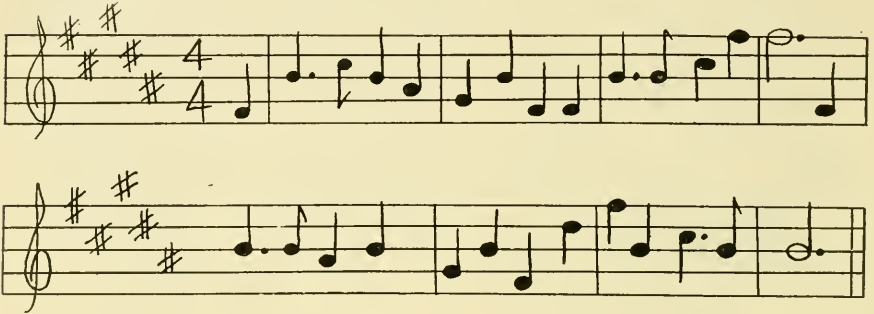
THE OPENING BUDS

Words and music by pupils of Fourth Grade.

Henry Barnard School

Miss Mabel T. Gardner, Critic Teacher.

Miss Jessie Molasky, Student Teacher.



O buds, you've slept the winter thru,
 'Tis time for you to wake;
 To shed your tiny blankets warm
 And pretty blossoms make.

'Tis time to show your colors gay.
 For now the bluebirds sing;
 The earth is full of happiness
 Because you tell of spring.

And when your blossoms gay shall fade,
 And fruits begin to swing,
 We'll still be glad for we are sure
 That you'll come back next spring.

Project 4. DO SOMETHING IN PANTOMIME.

The first and second grades of the Henry Barnard School had a lesson on the horse-chestnut twig and then told in pantomime how it grew.

In Grade 1 the following pantomime was worked out by Miss Theresa Barone, critic teacher, and Miss Alice F. Kelley, student teacher.

Grade 1, Scene 1. Two Horse-chestnut Buds. The children on the outside represent bud scales. They are dressed in brown. Picture 1.

Grade 1, Scene 2. The brown bud scales have fallen off and the green leaves are dancing about the pinkish flower buds. Picture 2.

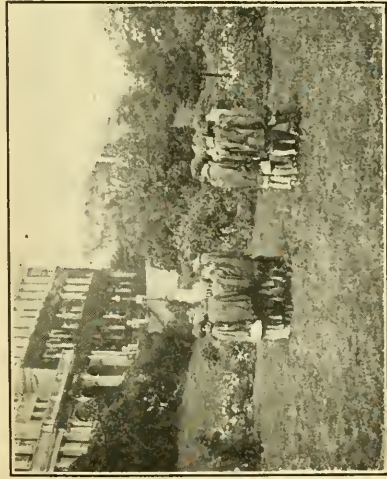
Grade 1, Scene 3. The blossoms come forth and receive a visit from a butterfly. Picture 3.

In Grade II the pantomime was worked out by Miss Emma G. Pierce, critic teacher, and Miss Virginia Nass, student teacher. Note how differently the same idea may be expressed.

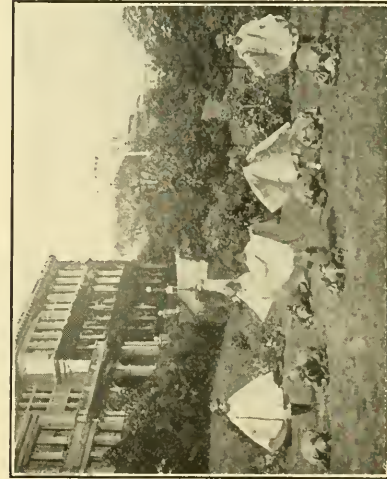
Grade II, Scene 1. The brown buds are fast asleep. One little bud is just beginning to awaken. Dark grey clouds are dancing about. They bring moisture to the buds. Picture 4.

Grade II, Scene 2. The yellow sunshine brings warmth to the buds. The buds begin to shed their brown scales and the green leaves show underneath. Picture 5.

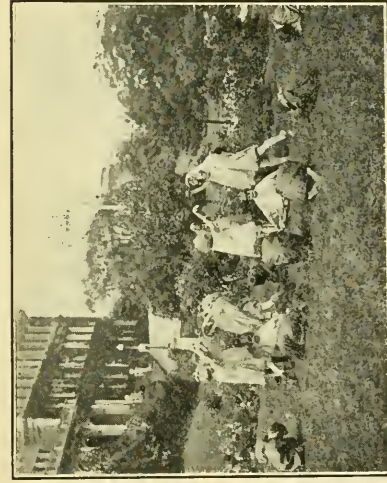
Grade II, Scene 3. The buds have shed their brown scales, which may be seen on the ground. The green leaves are now fully exposed to the sunlight. Some of the boys have bright colored caps which represent the flowers that came out with the leaves. Picture 6.



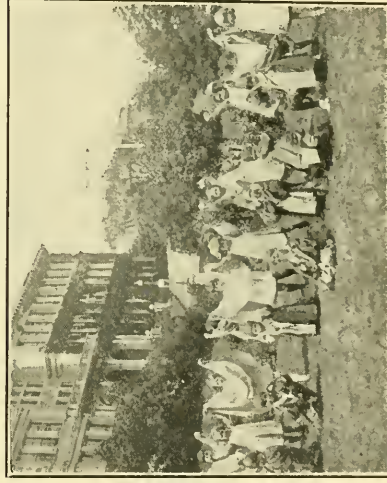
Picture 1—The Buds



Picture 4 —Buds Asleep



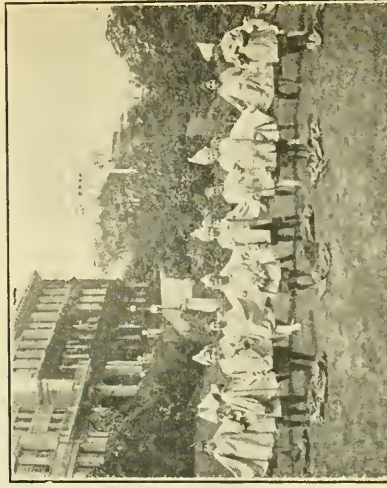
Picture 2—The Scales Drop Off



Picture 5—Sunshine Awakens Buds



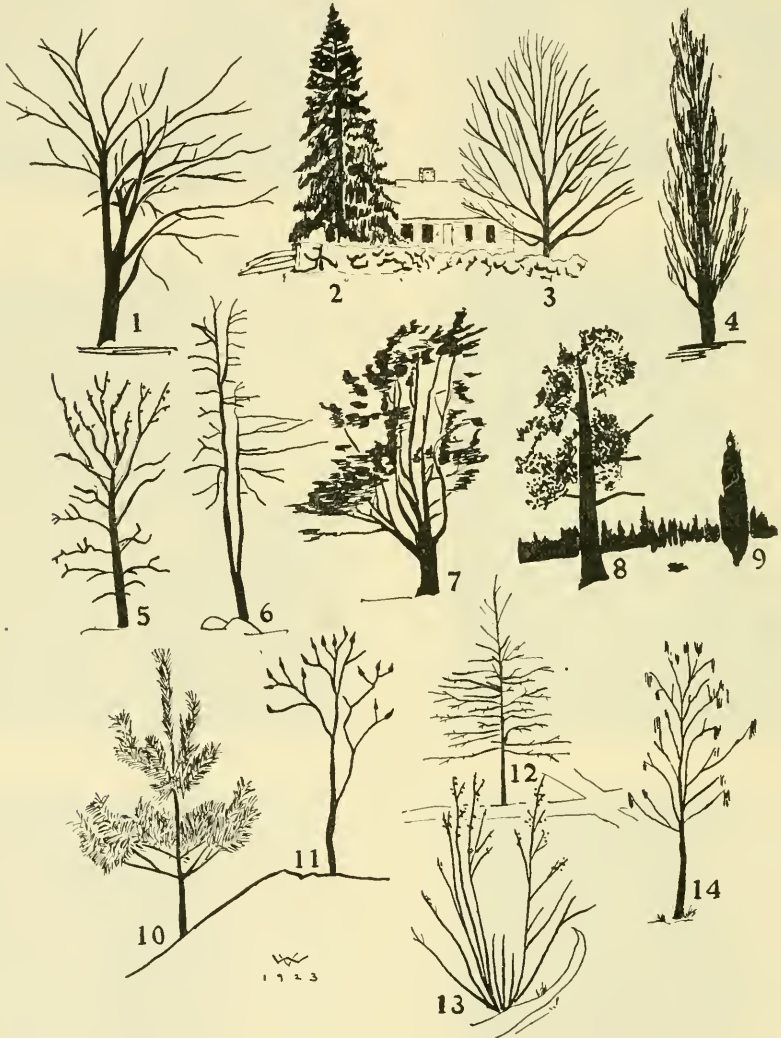
Picture 3—Butterfly Comes



Picture 6—Leaves and Buds Come

Project 5. PLAY A GAME.

This game may be played indoors or out-of-doors. When indoors, someone steps to the blackboard and with the side of a crayon draws a tree, such as the Norway Spruce or Lombardy Poplar. In the Lombardy Poplar all the limbs reach up to the sky. In the Spruce the lower limbs droop toward the ground. The audience then guesses the name of the tree.

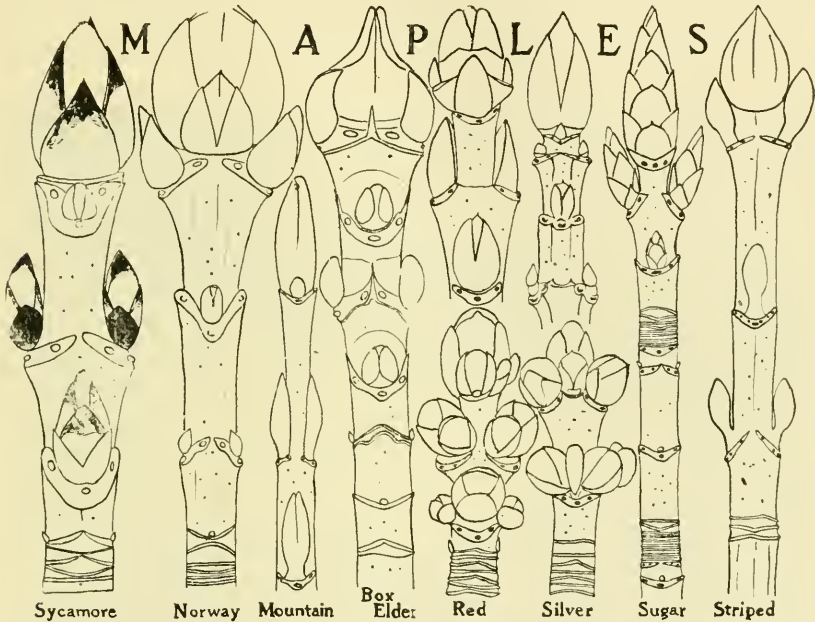


Trees may be recognized from a distance, in much the same way that you can recognize other friends. Each tree friend has its characteristics. How many tree friends can you recognize in the drawings? The fourteen trees shown are: (1) American Elm; (2) Norway Spruce; (3) Sugar Maple; (4) Lombardy Poplar; (5) Sycamore; (6) Sour Gum or Tupelo; (7) White Pine; (8) Red Cedar (Veteran); (9)

Red Cedar (Young); (10) White Pine (Young); (11) Sumac; (12) Pin Oak; (13) Alder; (14) Catalpa.

See who can recognize the greatest number of trees from any good view point, out-of-doors.

These trees may be cut out of black paper to make tree silhouettes. White silhouettes may be used for a blackboard border. The group of red cedars seen in the background (8 and 9) might also be used for a border. Their thick dark foliage makes spires against the sky line.



Project 6. OUR STATE TREE.

In 1895 the Maple Tree was elected as the Tree of State by the school children of Rhode Island. The whole number of votes cast was 16,776. The results were as follows:

Maple Trees	5,750	Hickory	262
Elm	5,260	Buttonwood	210
Oak	3,707	Ash	196
Chestnut	632	Cedar	191
Pine	369	Birch	189

Now it so happens that there are eight Maple Trees growing in Rhode Island and we would like to have our school citizens of to-day decide which Maple Tree they wish to fill this important office.

There are then eight candidates for the office of the Tree of State. In order to vote intelligently each school citizen must know the candidates by name and sight, and something about their characteristics. This makes desirable a caucus or primary convention to be held before the decisive vote is taken. It is the duty of every good school citizen to take part in the primary election. The purpose of the caucus is to learn the relative merits of the candidates and to nominate the two most promising representatives of Mapledom.

In order to help our school, citizens become acquainted with the various tree candidates in this campaign we have printed their profiles. We suggest that each voter color in these outlines according to the color shown in the various maple twigs that he can find.

Find out if these candidates have always been citizens of this state. We know two that were introduced from Europe. We know two others that are common in the North but occur only occasionally in Rhode Island, and then in the northern part. Two others are more common in the South and are less frequent in this state. And the remaining two are native to Rhode Island and grow abundantly throughout the state.

You will also wish to know how useful these citizens are. One of these maples is a favorite food for deer and moose and is known as Moosewood in northern New England. Sometimes the wood of a tree has another name when spoken of by the cabinet maker. Curly Maple and Bird's Eye Maple are examples of this. What maple is used for maple floors? Maple furniture? What food is obtained from one of the maples? Which are best for shade trees? Which maple would be a good state tree for Vermont? Why? Which maple is the most useful to us in Rhode Island?

The maples in literature must also be thought of in this connection. The following poem was written for the Arbor Day Program of 1895, and dedicated to the public schools of Rhode Island by George Shepard Burleigh of Little Compton. There are seven different lines in this poem that tell me which maple Mr. Burleigh had in mind when he wrote the poem. How many of these lines can you find? See how many quotations you can find about the Maples? Which Maple do the poets like to write about best?

THE MAPLE

Exalt who will the oak and pine
To flutter in their banner's folds,
The goodly Maple shall be mine,
The glory of our rocky wolds,
That fires the spring with reddening buds,
And blazes in the autumn woods.

Its stainless blood draws sweetness in
From shining sun and dusky morn;
Its thickening foliage shrouds the din
Of whistling blackbirds, and the snarl
Of catbirds, holding back the notes
Of every songster, in their throats.

Observe the two-leaved germ beneath
Its horny shelter locked secure;
Unwind it gently from its sheath,
And lo, a tree in miniature!
So in the boy the future man
Is wrapped, in Nature's perfect plan.

The sturdy trunk has gnarls and coils
That gladden the aesthetic eye,
When polished by the carver's toils.
To serve the boudoir's marquetry,—
For all is good, from bud to core,
To win our praise and crown our store.

Then lift our banners to the breeze;
Our symbol Maple proudly sing;
The brightest of autumnal trees,
The first to prophesy the spring;
The State's fit emblem where began
Full freedom for the soul of man!

After the good points of each tree candidate have been presented the school audience should be ready to cast a ballot for the Maples that they wish to nominate. Instruction in preparing a ballot should be given at this time. The two Maples receiving the largest vote are nominated for final candidates to be elected by a plurality vote on Arbor Day, 1924. That is, your school or room will vote upon the two nominations on Arbor Day, 1923, and will send the result to the Commissioner of Education. The final vote will be taken on Arbor Day, 1924. It might enliven interest to have a debate before the balloting, on the merits of each of the Maple tree candidates.

Project 7. COMMUNITY WELFARE.

The white pine blister rust was chosen as a community welfare problem by the Blue Bird Troop of Girl Scouts, Henry Barnard School, Miss Gertrude Evans, Captain. The picture illustrates how the life history of the rust was presented in pantomime. The tall girl on the left represents a white pine that has become infected with the disease. The next three girls are healthy white pines. Their five fingers indi-

cate the five needles found in a cluster in the white pine. The girl with the cape is the wind which takes the spores (pieces of paper) from the orange sac on the right and carries them to the pine. The wind then carries spores from the pine to the gooseberry where sacs are again formed, such as shown enlarged on the right.

A group of Girl Scouts come along and discover that the White Pine is infected with a disease. They look it up in their guide book and find that the disease is the White Pine blister rust. They read further and learn that it is prevented by digging up all the currant and gooseberry bushes within 900 feet of the pine. They placed the bushes on the camp fire which they used to cook their dinner. The healthy trees lived but the infected pine was finally killed. The scouts went away happy that they had learned something and that they had done their "good turn" for the community.



White Pine Blister Pantomime

Leaflets containing colored pictures of the white pine blister rust and its hosts together with descriptive material may be obtained from the office of the State Board of Agriculture, State House, Providence.

Project 8. NATIONAL PROJECT.

An Arbor Day program should not only contain community and state projects but some national project. The one that seems most appropriate for this year is "Our National Parks."

Last summer the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the first national park in the world was held in the Yellowstone National Park. The United States has added seventeen national parks since the creation of the Yellowstone National Park in 1872. The story of our national parks is most interesting.

In this connection it would be well to tell about the great naturalist, Enos Mills, who did so much for our national parks for the West. The death of Enos Mills last fall was a great loss to the country.

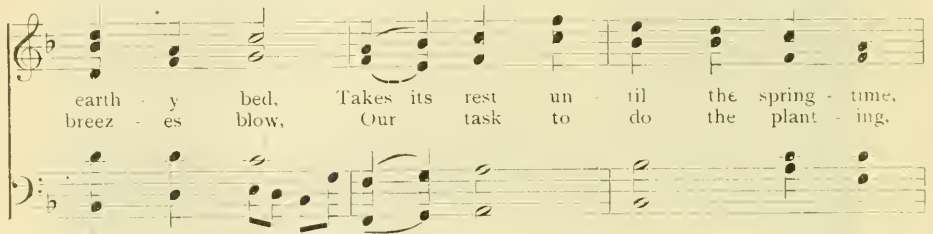
PLANTING

EDWARD DREIER

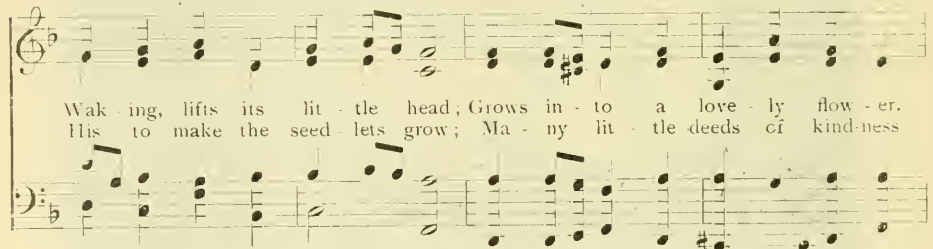
CAROLINE B. BOURGARD. Adapted



1. Ev - 'ry seed so small and ti - ny, Plant - ed in its
2. God will send the rain and sun - shine, Make the gen - tle



earth - y bed, Takes its rest un - til the spring - time,
breez - es blow, Our task to do the plant - ing.



Wak - ing, lifts its lit - tle head; Grows in - to a love - ly flow - er.
His to make the seed - lets grow; Ma - ny lit - tle deeds of kind - ness



Crowned with blos - soms, sweet and fair, Or a tree with
We can sow a - long the way, Ev - er plant - ing.



might - y branch - es Reach - ing high in - to the air.
ev - er sow - ing. Ev - 'ry day an Ar - bor Day.



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